Will do among the foming bottles and ale washt wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may marvellously be mistooke.
*Flew.* Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

*Enter King*, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*

*King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
*Flew.* I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
*King.* What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?
*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
*King.* We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

*Enter French Herauld.*

*Hera.* You know me by my habit.
*Ki.* Well thē, we know thee, what should we know of thee?
*Hera.* My maisters minde.
*King.* Vnfold it.
*Heral.* Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho



Altho we did seeme dead, we did but s
Now we speake vpon our kue, and ou
England shall repent her folly: see her
And admire our sufferance. Which to
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his arm
For the disgrace we haue borne, hims
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and wo
To this, adde defyance: So much from
*King.* What is thy name? we know
*Herald. Montioy.*
*King.* Thou dost thy office faire, re
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him
But could be well content, without in
To march on to *Callis*: for to say the
Though tis no wisdome to confesse s
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sickenesse much
My Army lessoned, and those fewe I
Almost no better then so many Fren
Who when they were in heart, I tell t
I thought vpon one paire of English
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag th
This your heire of *France* hath blown
I must repent, go tell thy maister here
My raunsome is this frayle and worth
My Army but a weake and sickly gua
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbou
If we may passe, we will: if we be hin
We shal your tawny ground with you
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for
The sum of all our answere is but this
We would not seeke a battle as we ar

D

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)